My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Humph. Ah gracious Henry theſe daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtay their moodes for good King Henries ſake,
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction,
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords firie eies ſhewes his enuious mind,
Buckinghams prowd lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe:
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne miſtris,
Cauſeleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes inow,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The prouerb no doubt will be well performde,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,
As if that ſhee with ignominious wrong,
Had ſuborn'd or hyred ſome to ſweare againſt his life?
Queene Yea but I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Humph. Far truer ſpoke then ment, I looſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners hearts, they play me falſe.
Buck. Heele wreſt the ſence, and keep vs here al day,
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent away.
Card. Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,
And ſee him garded ſure within my houſe.
Humph. O! thus king Henry caſts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt wolues ſtand ſnarring who ſhal bite him firſt.
Farewel my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.
King My lords, what to your wiſedomes ſhall ſeeme beſt,
Do